

BLIGHTED BROOKLYN ROMANCE

JOE THE ROOFER OBJECTS TO PLAYING LADY'S MAID.

Brushed His Bride's Hair and Buttoned Her Vest for a While, but When She Let the Housework Slide He Halted Her to Court—She Gets Six Months.

Joe Ganly, of 610 Fulton street, Brooklyn, was a single man last March—and almost happy. Had it not been for the endless round of beef and pale coffee that Gertrude, the haughty waitress in his Fulton street beauty parlor, gave him daily for meals he would have been quite content. But he wasn't.

He went to an aged friend of his in the Salvation Army, whose name was Bill. Before Bill carried the bass drum in the army he was a seaman and had left wives in seven ports. On the subject of matrimony Bill was wise as a serpent. He smiled in long, white beard and gave ear to the melancholy Joseph.

"Bill," said Mr. Ganly, "I ought to get married. Give me a bit of advice."

"If I tell you to get married and you tie up, you'll be hunting my grave yard for me. I'm gone to write rude things on my little white stone. If I tip you off that it's a queer game, me being in the know, so to speak, you'll wake up alone some night and cuss me for an old son of a seacock. Any way you look at it, Joseph, my son, I stand to lose."

"I'll take a chance," said Joe. "Besides I've got the girl tabbied. Bill, she's a wonder. She's got big blue eyes, the sweetest mouth—"

"They all have," interrupted the matrimony expert. "I remember once when the old Hannah B. King was at Rio that I made up with one of them kind. It was very nice for a while, but she tried to put ground glass in my beer."

The undismayed Joe reflected over the sage advice of the mariner and then took the plunge. He and Ida went before a

Salvation Army minister along in April and were married. Old Bill assisted. Mr. Ganly took his wife to the hall bedroom in Fulton street he had occupied for ten years.

Ida was rather a pleasing object to look at Joe thought. She was tall and rather good looking and carried plenty of red hair that she built into a pompadour by putting rats under it. The general outline suited Joe and he settled himself for the joys of home, i. e., somebody to sew on his buttons, somebody to darn socks and keep tabs on the rent money and to be ready for the first of the month; somebody to give him a steaming hot bath and to give him a welcoming pat when he came home from work.

For the first few days everything was

lively and Mr. Ganly began to figure on

how he would spend his money. He was

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THOUGHT THEY HAD WITZHOFF

POLICE ACCEPT WORD OF BROOKLYN AMATEUR SLEUTH.

Egyptian Walter the Victim of a Youth Who Gets Busy in Fifth Avenue—He Had Never Heard of Witzhoff—What Ain't You Witzhoff?" says the Sergeant.

The police of the West Forty-seventh street station thought for a time yesterday that they had in custody George A. Witzhoff, the dentist who is sought by several women who say they have been married to him.

Arthur Ruhl, a youth who lives at 302 Prospect avenue, Brooklyn, was walking up Fifth avenue about noon, when he espied a man with a swarthy complexion walking down the avenue. The Brooklyn youth thought the swarthy man resembled the picture of Witzhoff that has appeared in the newspapers. Ruhl had been reading about Sherlock Holmes, Old Sleuth and other famous fiction detectives until he imagined that he possessed the sleuthing abilities of the collection.

Ruhl took a good look at the face of the man, and then followed him to Sixth avenue and Fifty-fourth street, where he called upon Policeman O'Sullivan to arrest him. O'Sullivan is an obliging cop, and he made the arrest. The youth went along.

The sergeant at the station was just as obliging as the cop.

"What's your name? Witzhoff?" he asked.

"My name? It's Amelio Fiorillo. Why am I arrested?" the prisoner asked.

"Ain't you Witzhoff?" demanded the sergeant.

"I don't know the name you speak," replied the prisoner. He added that he was 28 years old, was born in Egypt and had been employed as a checker at the Hotel Astor up to a few days ago. He was coming from the hotel when arrested. He said he had never heard of Witzhoff.

The sergeant then woke up. He began to think that a mistake had been made. He sent for Lawyer Benjamin Franklin, who represents some of the women who say that they married Witzhoff. The lawyer and one of his clients went to the station. The woman said she was Dora Weston of 201 West 47th street.

"That's not Witzhoff," she said, after a glance at the prisoner. The sergeant discharged Fiorillo with an apology. The woman detective tried to express his regrets, but the Egyptian turned his back.

He told the woman, however, that he had no hard feelings against her and he expressed the hope that she would catch the right man.

ORANGE, N. Y., Aug. 26.—Witzhoff lived in Orange about five years ago. He was a well-known figure in the town, and was known to many of the residents.

Edison's laboratory. The woman with whom he boarded didn't know he was married.

TO EDUCATE THE COLLINS.

Family Fund Incorporated for the Benefit of Henry Clark Collins's Descendants.

ALBANY, Aug. 26.—The Henry Collins Family Fund was incorporated to-day for the purpose of contributing toward the support and education of the lineal descendants of Henry Clark Collins and Maria Louisa Park Collins, who lived and died at Benton, Yates county. The scene of the corporation's operations and its officers and directors, where most of the beneficiaries live.

The directors are: Henry Park Collins, Coldwater, Mich.; Charles A. Collins, New York; Mary L. Collins Sears, Geneva; Frederick Collins, Elmira; Emeline Collins Crosby, Greenville, Mich.; William W. Collins, Buffalo; Frank McAlpine Collins, Benton; Dwight Ripley Collins, New York; Charles A. Collins, Jr., of the law firm of Sheehan & Collins, New York city.

The Suffolk County Lighting Company, formed to manufacture gas and electricity for lighting in the village of Suffolk, Yates county, was incorporated to-day with a capital of \$50,000. The directors are: George MacDonald, C. A. Mickey and W. H. Morgan of New York city.

The Superior Coal Company of New York city to-day filed a certificate of reduction of capital stock from \$3,500,000 to \$2,500,000. Among the company's directors are John B. Sumnerfield, H. E. Everdell and S. A. McIntyre of New York.

RED HOT IN TEXAS.

Mercury Reaches 128 Degrees in the Sun at Austin.

AUSTIN, Tex., Aug. 26.—The thermometer registered 128 degrees in the sun and 104 degrees in the shade here at 3 P. M. to-day. It was the hottest day known to the records of the Weather Bureau for this place. A north breeze of brassy torridness blew all day, withering vegetation and making it appear as if the sun were a giant. The whole State and heat wave covers the whole State and has untold damage to cotton.

News of Plays and Players.

Charles Dillingham purchased yesterday a new musical play entitled "Omar," of which he will give a production in New York immediately after the holidays. It is the work of A. N. C. Fowler and Harry B. Smith, and presents a humorous story surrounding the character of Omar Khayyam, the Persian poet.

George Broadhurst's new piece, which is described as an operatic farce, will be produced at the Majestic on Sept. 11. The title of the play is "The Duke of Duluth," and Nat M. Willis is the star.